

ELLERY  
QUEEN



SPRING.

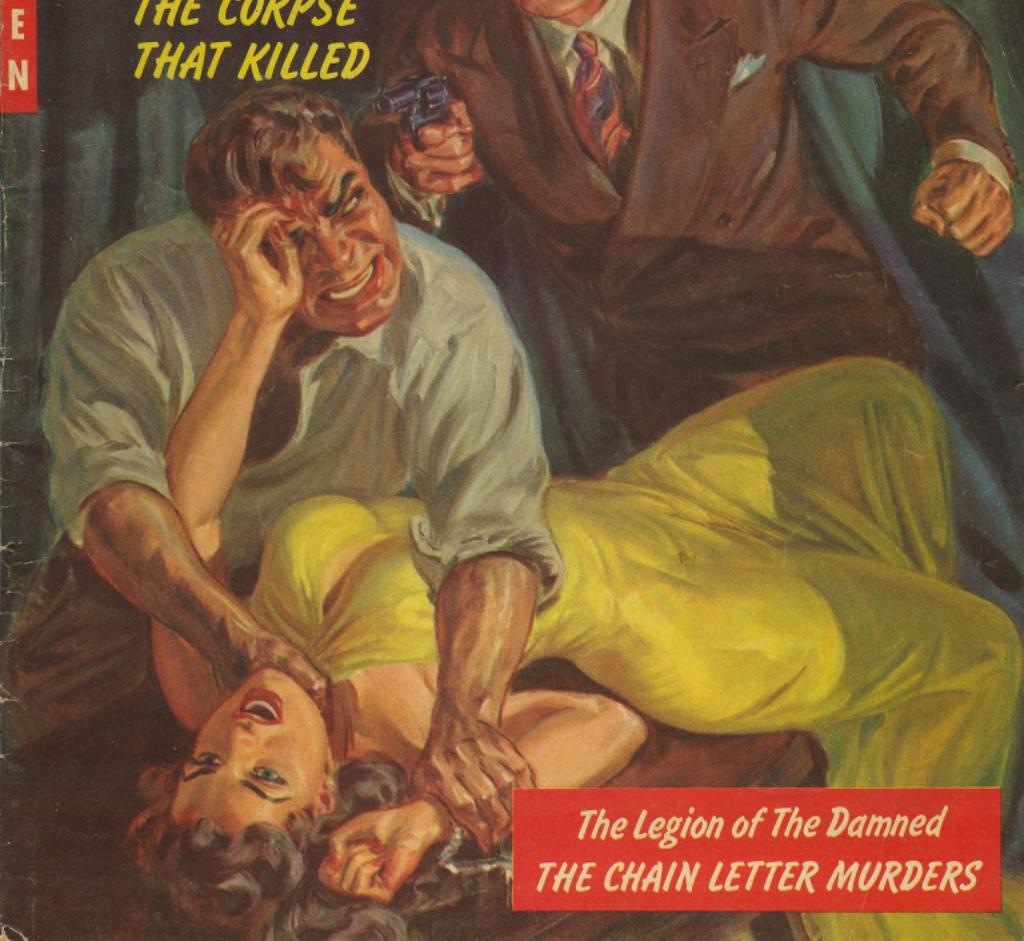
THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

# ELLERY QUEEN

10c

Vengeance From The Grave

THE CORPSE  
THAT KILLED



*The Legion of The Damned*  
**THE CHAIN LETTER MURDERS**

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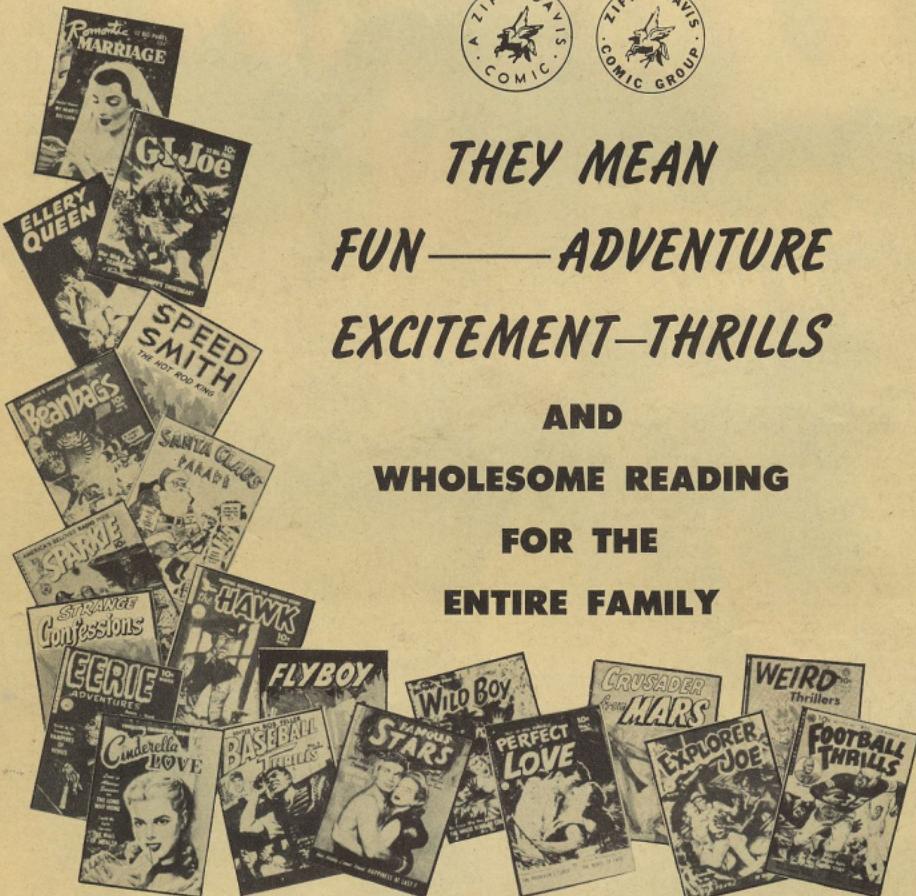


# LOOK!

FOR THESE SYMBOLS



THEY MEAN  
FUN — ADVENTURE  
EXCITEMENT-THRILLS  
AND  
WHOLESOME READING  
FOR THE  
ENTIRE FAMILY



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# ELLERY QUEEN in *The CORPSE THAT KILLED!*

ELLERY, IT'S THE GHOST OF NICK CARDONI... STRANGLING THE GANGLER WHO ORDERED HIM SLAIN!

WHAT CAN WE DO, DAD? BULLETS CAN'T STOP A DEAD MAN!



ELLERY QUEEN, AND HIS FATHER, INSPECTOR QUEEN, HAVE BROUGHT MANY A MURDERER TO JUSTICE, BUT WHAT ARE ELLERY AND THE INSPECTOR TO DO WHEN THE KILLER IS A **HOST?** HAS ELLERY FINALLY ENCOUNTERED A CRIMINAL WHO IS TRULY BEYOND THE LAW? YOU CAN LEARN THE ANSWER IN THE CHILL-A-SECOND CASE OF...

**"THE CORPSE THAT KILLED!"**

LAUGHTER AND GAIETY ARE IN ORDER AT THE BIRTHDAY PARTY NICK CARDONI'S MOBSTERS HAVE THROWN FOR THEIR CHIEF...

GO AHEAD! BLOW OUT THE CANDLES, BOSS!

THEN MAKE A WISH!

OKAY, YOU GUYS! LEMME THINK OF SOMETHIN' GOOD TO WISH FOR!



HERE'S A GOOD WISH! BRANNIGAN AND HIS WEST SIDE MOB SHOULD DROP DEAD -- AAAA-AAHHGH!





AS BEFITS A DEPARTED GANGLAND CHIEF, NICK HAS AN ORNATE FUNERAL! AND AMONG THE GUESTS...



THE OFFICE OF INSPECTOR QUEEN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THE WHOLE TOWN KNOWS IT WAS BRANNIGAN WHO PULLED THAT CUTE TRICK ON NICK CARDONI, DAD! HOW COME YOU HAVEN'T CRACKED DOWN ON BRANNIGAN?



MEANWHILE! A LONELY WHARF NEAR BRANNIGAN'S HEADQUARTERS...

NO! NO!... IT—IT CAN'T BE! K-KEEP AWAY FROM ME, CARDONI!





SO YOU'RE POSITIVE  
CARDONI'S GHOST  
HAS COME TO  
WORK ON YOUR  
MOB!

THE BOYS ARE SCARED!  
AN, FRANKLY, SO AM I.  
THEY SAY HE'S GONNA  
WIPE US OUT, ONE BY ONE!



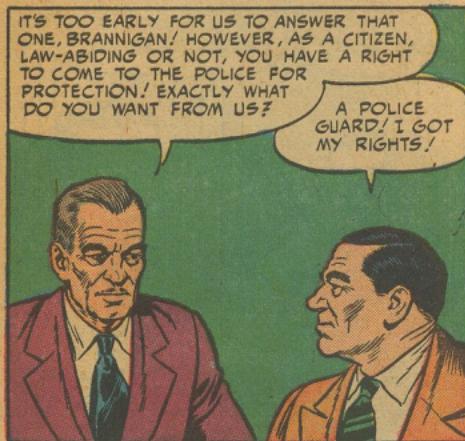
MAY I ASK THE REASON FOR  
CARDONI'S VENOMOUS HATRED  
FOR YOUR MOB... STRONG  
ENOUGH TO BRING  
HIM BACK FROM  
THE GRAVE?

I DUNNO! MAYBE  
HE THINKS I HAD  
A HAND IN HIS  
KILLIN'! BUT IT'S  
NOT TRUE! IF IT WAS  
TRUE, I'D BE IN JAIL,  
RIGHT?



IT'S TOO EARLY FOR US TO ANSWER THAT  
ONE, BRANNIGAN! HOWEVER, AS A CITIZEN,  
LAW-ABIDING OR NOT, YOU HAVE A RIGHT  
TO COME TO THE POLICE FOR  
PROTECTION! EXACTLY WHAT  
DO YOU WANT FROM US?

A POLICE  
GUARD! I GOT  
MY RIGHTS!



ALL RIGHT, BRANNIGAN, YOU'LL GET JUST  
WHAT YOU'RE ASKING FOR... AND MAYBE  
MORE! BUT HERE'S SOME ADVICE!  
KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN, OR  
YOU MAY BE UNDER GUARD...  
FOR KEEPS!



LATER! ELLERY AND THE INSPECTOR DRIVE  
TOWARD BRANNIGAN'S HEADQUARTERS...

ELLERY, THIS IS  
A WIERD ONE!  
THE POLICE...  
PROTECTING  
MOBSTERS...  
FROM A  
GHOST!

I THINK I KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE UP TO, DAD! YOU'RE  
PLAYING ALONG IN THE HOPE  
SOMETHING MAY TURN UP  
THAT'LL CRACK THE CARDONI  
MURDER WIDE OPEN!



BUT AS THEY REACH THEIR DESTINATION...

DID YOU  
HEAR THAT,  
ELLERY?

AAAAGH!

SCREAMS!







CARDONI! LISSEN TA ME! I DON'T KNOW NUTHIN' ABOUT YER MURDER! HONEST!

LIAR! YOU DID IT... AN' YER GONNA DIE FER IT!

I'LL GIT 'IM, BOSS!

TURN ON THE LIGHTS!

YAAA-AAAA!



WE SEARCHED EVERYONE, AND  
EVERYWHERE — BUT WE DIDN'T  
FIND ANY TRACE OF THE  
MURDER GUN! SON, I  
HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT  
IT'S BEGINNING TO  
LOOK LIKE WE  
REALLY ARE UP  
AGAINST A  
GHOST!

DON'T LET THE  
CASE GET YOU  
DOWN, DAD! I  
SUGGEST WE CLIMB  
INTO YOUR CAR AND  
SIT TIGHT!

SIT TIGHT! "POLICE  
INSPECTOR SITS TIGHT  
WHILE GHOST GOES  
ON KILLING RAMPAGE."  
ELLERY, WHEN THAT  
STORY HITS THE  
HEADLINES, IT'LL  
MEAN MY SCALP!

AND IF BRANNIGAN  
DOESN'T MOVE INTO  
ACTION, IT MAY MEAN  
HIS SCALP! THERE  
HE GOES INTO HIS  
CAR, WITH ONE OF  
HIS HENCHMEN! WE'LL  
FOLLOW!



THERE'S SOMETHING BRANNIGAN  
HAS GOT TO FIND OUT FOR SURE!  
HE'S DRIVING STRAIGHT TO THE  
CEMETERY WHERE CARDONI  
WAS BURIED! WANT TO  
BET, DAD?

YOU'RE  
RIGHT,  
ELLERY!

THEY'RE CARRYING SHOVELS  
INTO THE GRAVE YARD! IS  
BRANNIGAN TURNING GOUL?

LET'S FOLLOW  
AND FIND OUT!



THEY'RE DIGGING UP CARDONI'S  
COFFIN! I'D BETTER PUT A  
STOP TO THIS!

NOT YET,  
DAD! WAIT A  
BIT LONGER!

JUST AS I THOUGHT!  
THE COFFIN IS EMPTY!  
NICK CARDONI ISN'T  
DEAD!

YOU'RE  
DEAD RIGHT,  
BRANNIGAN!



(GASP!) CARDONI! B-BUT THAT CAKE I HAD FIXED UP SPECIAL FOR YOU... IT WAS SUPPOSED T' HAVE KILLED YOU!

IT WAS EASY TA BRIBE "DOC" TYNDALL INTO FAKING A DEATH REPORT AND STAGING A PHONY FUNERAL! THAT'S WHY I HAD TO KILL THE "DOC"... HE KNEW TOO MUCH!



Y'SEE, I'D BEEN WANTIN' TO QUIT TH' RACKET FER A LONG TIME, AN' PULL A FADE. BUT I WAS IN PRETTY DEEP... MY BOYS NEVER WOULD HAVE LET ME PULL OUT WITH TH' BODDLE AN' A WHOLE SKIN! YER BOMBING GAVE ME MY CHANCE...

THEN - WHY DIDN'T YA JUST TAKE YER SAVINGS AN' BEAT IT?



REVENGE! NO ONE TRIES TO BLOW NICK TA BITS AN' GITS AWAY WITH IT! I PUT SOME PHOSPHORUS ON MY FACE... AN' STUCK AROUND TA GIT EVEN WITH YER MOB!



YOU WON'T GET ME! I'LL...



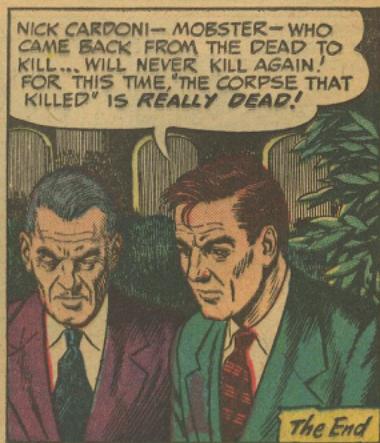
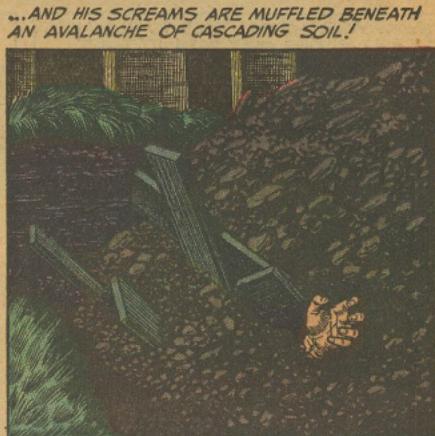
TH' SCORE'S EVEN! NOW FER A PERMANENT FADE...



DON'T MOVE, CARDONI, UNLESS YOU WANT TO BECOME A REAL GHOST!

ELLERY QUEEN!





# ZACHARY

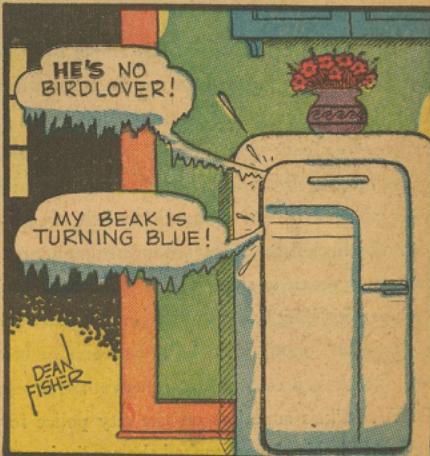
by DEAN FISHER

LOOK, LOVER, I CAN IMITATE  
A PARROT... AWK! AWK!  
POLLY WANTS A  
CRACKER! AWK!  
AWK!

AW  
SHADD UP!

ISN'T HE THE  
MEANEST OLD  
THING!

WHY  
DOESN'T HE  
PICK ON A  
PARROT HIS  
OWN SIZE?!



# COMEDY COP

**M**IKE MALONE had been a cop, one way and another, for forty years. Thirty years of pounding a beat on the force, ten years as a bank guard at the Second National. In his thirty years of pavement pounding for the city, Mike had never risen above the rank of patrolman. His title of guard at the bank was more of a courtesy title than anything. Although he carried a gun strapped to his imposing middle, Mike's duties were simply to help harassed suburban matrons to the proper teller's window, and to direct loan seekers to the proper vice president. In four decades of what he loved to refer to as "police work" Mike had never heard a shot fired in anger. Needless to say, he had never fired his Police Special at anyone, friend or foe. To be truthful about it, it's just as well, because Mike couldn't hit the broad side of a barn, let alone a member of the criminal classes engaged in a nefarious undertaking.



Mike was a comedy cop. His ample belly and bandy legs were never meant to be encased by a neat blue uniform. His feet, bunioned with the callouses of forty years, moved with a flat, shuffling, yet gingery tread. They were tender and his walk showed it. His ammunition belt, weighted down by his holster, was worn in the manner made famous by comedy sheriffs in Western movies. In summer, his shirt had a way of climbing up out of his trousers, giving him the appearance of being one of the less presentable members of the Russian G.P.U. Mike's superiors on the city police force had early in his career reached the conclusion that

his greatest field of usefulness consisted in guiding school children across the street. At the bank, the most glowing tribute on his personnel record read: "His appearance leaves much to be desired. Reflexes slow. Old ladies seem to like him."



In his private life, Mike had two loves — his grand-daughter, Kitty, and novels of detection. Kitty had one flaw in Mike's mind — she was always trying to improve his appearance. On the other hand, such fictional heroes of the detective industry as Lord Peter Wimsey and Hercule Poirot, had no faults at all. They were sleuths without peer and without reproach. Mike loved their adventures and wished that he could be like them. Alas, as he himself admitted, he lacked the little grey cells.



Kitty's latest assault on Mike had taken the form of an expensive shaving lotion which she had given the old man for his birthday. It was expensive, beautifully packaged, and extremely fragrant. As Kitty loved to say, it was exclusive. And Mike loved it. He never used it, he just loved it. Every morning, after his bath and shave, Mike would take the beautiful little bottle from the bathroom shelf, sniff it with wild abandon and vast appreciation, then sorrowfully replace the stopper and return the bottle to its shelf.

"It's beautiful," he'd murmur, regretfully, "but it's not for the likes of me." He did think, though, that Hercule Poirot might have used it, and having used it, lived up to it.

This particular day at the bank had passed quietly. It was just a few minutes of three when Mike smelled something utterly delicious in the air. It was his favorite shaving lotion. He was turning his head to see whatever man of distinction used this heavenly scent when the roof fell on his skull and the lights went out.



When Mike came to, he was on a couch in the President's office with a compress on his head. The room was full of the bank's officers, policemen and newspapermen. From the jumble of questions shot at him, and the general tone of the conversation, Mike gathered that a swift-moving, professional gang of bank robbers had entered the bank at closing time, held it up, and escaped with over \$100,000 in cash. The men wore plain, nondescript clothes, and kept handkerchiefs pressed on their faces and their hats pulled low. Nobody could make any identification. The rogues' gallery photographs of known bank robbers were useless. No one had really seen the men.



His head clearing, Mike rose unsteadily to his feet.

"The one that socked me," he said. "He used *Feather Heather!*"

The room was convulsed with laughter. Good old Mike, the Comedy Cop! But the general opinion was that this was no time for comedy.

"He used **WHAT?**" roared a Captain of Detectives.

"*Feather Heather,*" stuttered Mike. "It's a perfume . . . I mean a perfume for men . . . I mean."

Mike really had them in the aisles, now. "Look,"

he mumbled self-consciously. "It's a shaving lotion . . . an expensive one. I use it myself . . . that is, I smell it, sort of . . ."

The Captain of Detectives said something about a concussion and getting the poor old buzzard to a hospital.

"*Feather Heather's* expensive and exclusive," screamed Mike. "There's only one place in town sells it, and at the price they charge, I'll bet they don't sell much of it!"



At last Mike's message penetrated. Two men were dispatched, with an armful of rogues' gallery photographs, to the specialty shop which carried *Feather Heather*. Sure enough, not many bottles had been sold. Yes, the clerk had sold a bottle to one of the men in these photographs. This one here. It had been delivered and he had the—ah—gentleman's address on file.



The *Feather Heather* purchaser was at home with a group of his gentlemen friends when the police broke in. No guns were drawn, as the bandits had their hands full of currency, which they were dividing.

Mike was a hero for a few days, and was quietly given a handsome reward by his employers. He enjoys telling Kitty that he can't ever use the *Feather Heather* now, because he associates it with crime and rascality.



And best of all, when he settles down of an evening for a good read, he feels now that he mixes with Lord Peter and Hercule not as a worshipper, but as an equal, and a somewhat critical equal, at that.

THE END

# ELLERY QUEEN

in

# The CHAIN-LETTER MURDERS



THE CHAIN-LETTER PRACTICE IS FROWNED UPON BY THE LAW. THIS MINOR RACKET, HOWEVER, GROWS INTO A FRIGHTFUL MENACE WHEN THE ELEMENT OF VIOLENT DEATH IS ADDED. ELLERY QUEEN HAS TO CALL UPON EVERY OUNCE OF HIS DEDUCTIVE POWERS TO SOLVE... "THE CHAIN-LETTER MURDERS!"

BEG YOUR PARDON, YOUNG MAN. COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO ALDERMAN ANDERSON'S OFFICE?

ROOM 118. WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO LEAD YOU THERE?

NO, NO! I WOULDN'T DREAM OF DISTURBING YOU. THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

WHAT A SWEET OLD LADY!



IS THIS THE OFFICE OF ALDERMAN ANDERSON?

THAT'S MR. ANDERSON RIGHT OVER THERE, AT THAT DESK. WHY DON'T YOU JUST WALK OVER TO HIM?



ALDERMAN ANDERSON?

YES, I'M SOMEWHAT BUSY THIS MORNING, BUT WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?





THE OFFICE OF INSPECTOR QUEEN AT POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS...

WHAT'S WRONG, DAD?  
YOU LOOK MORE  
UPSET THAN USUAL!

TO PUT IT MILDLY,  
ELLERY, I'M GOING  
COMPLETELY  
OUT OF MY MIND!

YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD THE  
EXTRAS, A SWEET OLD LADY  
WALKS IN ON A POLITICIAN  
AND BLOWS OUT HIS BRAINS!  
WE'VE CHECKED ON HER.  
EVERYBODY SAYS SHE HAD  
A WONDERFUL, CONSIDERATE  
CHARACTER!



SHE DIDN'T KNOW ANDERSON...  
DIDN'T HAVE THE SLIGHTEST  
INTEREST IN POLITICS, AND  
HAD NEVER HARMED A  
FLY IN HER LIFE! :

COULDN'T SHE  
SIMPLY HAVE  
BLOWN HER  
LID?



THAT WOULD BE AN EASY  
EXPLANATION, BUT IT DOESN'T  
HOLD WATER. WE DO  
KNOW, HOWEVER, THAT  
SHE WAS AFFLICTED  
WITH AN INCURABLE,  
PAINFUL AILMENT...

... WHICH MIGHT  
HAVE LED HER  
TO TAKE HER  
OWN LIFE! BUT,  
INSTEAD, SHE TOOK  
SOMEONE ELSE'S!



OUR ONLY CLUE IS THE  
REMARK ANDERSON'S  
SECRETARY OVERHEARD  
HER SAY WHEN SHE SHOT  
HER VICTIM! IT'S BETTER  
THIS WAY!

WHY SHOULD IT BE BETTER  
TO MURDER A COMPLETE  
STRANGER?



MEANWHILE. THE HOTEL CLARION...

I KNEW YOU'D DO IT,  
TOMMY-BOY! I KNEW  
YOU'D WIN TH' TITLE!

IT WAS EASY, MAXIE.  
I JUST FOLLOWED  
YOUR STRATEGY, LIKE  
YA TOLE ME!



WOT AN UPSET! BET TH'  
GAMBLERS ARE PLENTY  
SCORE! I DIDN'T  
WANT NO PART O'  
THEIR BRIBE OFFERS  
TO TAKE A FALL!

ESPECIALLY SALLY  
YOGURK! HE MUSTA  
LOST QUITE A  
BUNDLE!

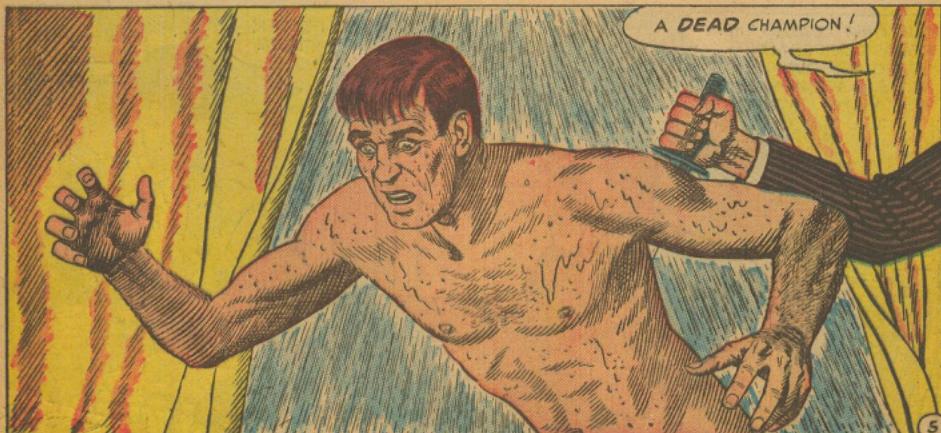


BUT HE WOULDN'T DARE  
TA TRY T' GIT EVEN. THE  
COPS WOULD JUMP ON  
HIM LIKE A HIVE  
O' BEES!

WHO'S WORRIED?  
RUN ALONG, MAXIE.  
I'M GONNA TAKE A  
SHOWER AN' CATCH  
ME SOME SHUT-EYE.



IMAGINE! ME - TOMMY  
RYAN ... A CHAMPEEN!



A DEAD CHAMPION!

LATER...



SOLLY HAS AN AIR-TIGHT ALIBI, CHIEF! HE WAS TESTIFYING BEFORE THE CRIME COMMISSION ALL MORNING!





THOSE WET FOOTPRINTS LED TO THIS ROOM, RIGHT? AND HE ADMITS HE LEFT THE IRON-LUNG...



THEN, THERE'S THAT SMASHED WINDOW. IT COULD HAVE BEEN BROKEN BY THE MURDERER AFTER THE CRIME... IF HE WERE DESPERATELY IN NEED OF FRESH OXYGEN...

...ESPECIALLY, IF HE ORDINARILY NEEDED THE AID OF AN IRON-LUNG FOR SUFFICIENT OXYGEN!



ENRIGHT, I'M GOING TO ARREST YOU FOR THE MURDER OF TOMMY RYAN! WHY DID YOU DO IT?

I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY, EXCEPT IT'S BETTER THIS WAY!



IT'S BETTER THIS WAY! THE SWEET OLD LADY WHO MURDERED ANDERSON MADE THAT VERY SAME REMARK! TWO APPARENTLY MOTIVELESS MURDERS! DO YOU THINK THERE COULD BE A CONNECTION, DAD?

I DON'T KNOW, ELLERY. BUT I AIM TO FIND OUT!



CAN YOU THINK OF ANYTHING THAT WOULD HELP US?

NOTHING... EXCEPT HE WAS DISTURBED AFTER RECEIVING THAT LETTER.

LET'S SEE IT!



NO RETURN ADDRESS ON THE ENVELOPE... AND NOTHING BUT A LIST OF NAMES IN THE LETTER. WAIT! THE TOP NAME IS TOMMY RYAN, THE MURDERED MAN!

QUICK, DAD! WHAT'S THE NEXT NAME ON THE LIST?



ROBERT DOWLING. INFORMATION? LET ME HAVE THE PHONE NUMBER OF ROBERT DOWLING. THIS IS URGENT!



WE HAVE A LISTING FOR A ROBERT DOWLING... AT 21 DORSEY AVENUE... BUT HIS PHONE HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED.



WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO, ELLERY? DOWLING'S HOME! YOU CAN STAY HERE AND ATTEND TO ENRIGHT'S ARREST. I'LL PHONE YOU AT HEADQUARTERS.



LATER, IN A RUNDOWN NEIGHBORHOOD...

MY HUSBAND ISN'T HOME AT PRESENT.



YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND HIM, MRS. DOWLING! I'M ELLERY QUEEN. IT MAY BE A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH — HIS DEATH!

BOB... IN DANGER? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S JUST HAD THE MOST WONDERFUL LUCK—A GOOD JOB AFTER HAVING BEEN UNEMPLOYED FOR MONTHS.

WHAT ABOUT THIS JOB? AND WHERE IS HE NOW?



MR. BROMLEY, OWNER OF THE BROMLEY STEEL CORPORATION, HAS HIRED MY HUSBAND TO BE HIS ASSISTANT... A MARVELOUS OPPORTUNITY!

PHONE INSPECTOR QUEEN... TELL HIM I'LL BE AT THE BROMLEY MILL!



SOON... WELL, HOW DOES THE PLANT IMPRESS YOU, DOWLING?

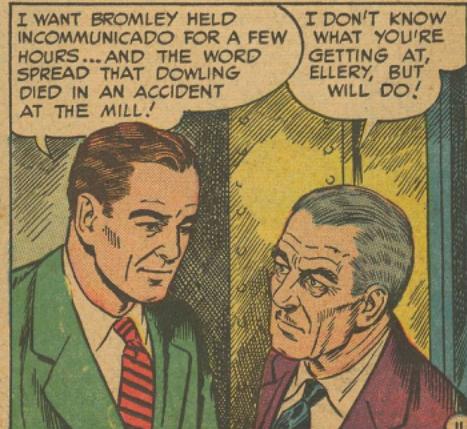
IT'S -- AWSOME, MR. BROMLEY! THAT VAT OF MOLTEN STEEL IS TERRIFYING... BUT FASCINATING. IF A MAN EVER FELL INTO IT, HE'D PERISH INSTANTLY!



STOP! STOP!! YOU'RE PUSHING ME OVER—I'LL FALL INTO THE VAT! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? STOP!!!



BUT BEFORE BROMLEY CAN ACCOMPLISH HIS FIENDISH DESIGN... ELLERY ARRIVES...



THAT EVENING...

BERTHA...AS SOON AS I HEARD OF BOB'S UNFORTUNATE DEATH, I HURRIED RIGHT OVER! I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT DESPITE ALL THAT'S HAPPENED, I'LL TAKE YOU BACK.

IT'S--IT'S NICE OF YOU TO SAY THAT, TODD, BUT I'LL NEED TIME... TO GET OVER THE SHOCK OF BOB'S DEATH. THEN-- PERHAPS...

AND AS CHALMERS LEAVES...

NICE WORK, MRS. DOWLING. YOU CAN PHONE YOUR HUSBAND IT'S ALL RIGHT TO COME HOME NOW.

YOU'LL HAVE TO HURRY IF YOU WANT TO TRAIL MR. CHALMER'S CAR!



LATER...



SHORTLY—ATOP A PRECIPITOUS CLIFF...



AND, AS CHALMERS DEPARTS...

LOOK, ELLERY—BLACK-GLOVED HANDS REACHING FOR THE PACKAGE, OUT OF AN OPENING IN THE TEMPLE WALL!

I THINK I'M ONTO THE SET-UP. REMAIN RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, DAD... AND DON'T BE SURPRISED AT ANYTHING I SAY OR DO!



ELLERY CHARGES TO THE CLIFF'S EDGE, APPARENTLY SUICIDE-MINDED.



THAT NEED NOT CONCERN YOU. WHAT IS IMPORTANT TO YOU IS **THIS**...



As he pushes against the temple-wall, Ellery causes a small panel to open...



YOU RAT! WATCHING THE PARADE OF WOULD-BE SUICIDES WHO CAME TO YOU FOR HELP, YOU DECIDED TO CASH IN ON THEIR MISERY!

NO!



PROBABLY YOU WERE PAID BY A POLITICAL RIVAL OF ANDERSON'S FOR HIS DEATH. SOLLY YOGURK PAID FOR THE MURDER OF TOMMY RYAN. TODD CHALMERS, OF COURSE, PAID FOR THE ATTEMPTED KILLING OF BOB DOWLING!



IT'S TRUE, ALL OF IT! BUT YOU'LL NEVER PROSECUTE ME!  
I'LL KILL MYSELF!

NO, YOU WON'T!



YOU USED THESE UNFORTUNATES AS KILLERS WITHOUT PAY IN A SORT OF MURDER, INCORPORATED SET-UP WITH CHAIN-LETTERS-OF-DEATH TRIMMINGS! IF SOMEONE WANTED ANOTHER PERSON KILLED AND WERE WILLING TO PAY WELL FOR THE DEED, YOU WOULD MAIL A SO-CALLED CHAIN-LETTER TO ONE OF YOUR DUPES AND HE WOULD COMMIT THE MURDER UNDER THE FALSE IMPRESSION HE WAS KILLING ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE "LEGION WHO WANTED TO DIE!"



THE OLD LADY WHO KILLED ANDERSON WANTED TO DIE BECAUSE OF HER INCURABLE AILMENT. ENRIGHT COULDN'T FACE CONTINUING TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS WRETCHED LIFE IN AN IRON-LUNG. CHANCES ARE, BROMLEY'S BUSINESS WAS SUFFERING IRREPARABLE FINANCIAL REVERSSES AND HE DIDN'T CARE TO LIVE IF HIS BUSINESS COLLAPSED...



YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES IN A COURT OF JUSTICE!

GOOD WORK, ELLERY!

THE END



# SLIPPERY SLIM

*in*

*THE HOPELESS DIAMOND!*

SLIPPERY SLIM, THE OUT-OF-LINE MAN IN THE POLICE LINE-UP MIXES BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE WHEN HE ATTENDS A MASQUERADE PARTY, AND TRIES TO MAKE A DOOR PRIZE OUT OF THE PRICELESS "HOPELESS DIAMOND!"

YUP! THIS IS THE JOINT! THE PAPERS SAID MRS. FULLVALT WOULD BE WEARIN' HER HOPELESS DIAMOND NECKLACE AT HER MASQUERADE SHINDIG! DIDN'T GET NO INVITE, BUT I'M GOIN' ANYWAY!



LUCKY THE BALLROOM AIN'T ON THE *THIRD* FLOOR! I'M ONLY A *SECOND* STORY MAN!

GRRRR



YIPE! IF IT AIN'T THE BULLS, IT'S THE BULLDOGS!

**YEOW!**



BOY! THIS IS REALLY LEAPING WITH PAIN!



**CRASH!**







# ZACHARY

by DEAN FISHER

SOME ENCH-A-ANTED  
EVENING....

HELLO,  
MR. HICKS!



...IN A FLOODED  
KITCHEN ♫

HOW'D HE  
GET TO BE A  
PLUMBER?

SOME BODY GAVE  
HIM A PLUNGER  
FOR HIS BIRTHDAY!



MAYBE HIS MOTHER  
OWNS THE COMPANY!

BET HE DOESN'T  
KNOW A JOINT FROM  
A HIGH CLASS  
NIGHTCLUB!



DON'T FORGET TO CHECK  
THE SASSAFRAS ON THE  
CASSEROLE!

YEAH... DON'T  
FORGET THAT  
MR. PLUMBER  
MAN!

1-2-3-4-5-  
6-  
.....



# ZONK!

MERCY!

DEAN FISHER

SOME  
ENCHANTED  
EVENING

YOU'LL ADMIT  
HE'S PRETTY HANDY  
WITH A WRENCH,  
THOUGH!



# An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's  
who want to

## LOOK SLIMMER and FEEL YOUNGER



DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!



POSTURE BAD?  
Get a "Bay Window"?



DO YOU ENVY MEN  
who can  
"KEEP ON THEIR FEET"?



YOU NEED A  
"CHEVALIER"!

## The CHEVALIER

### LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge ... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in ... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

#### FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a snap! Just slide the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



#### TWO-WAY E-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Flattens that bulgy abdomen; yet it stretches as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

#### DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!



#### Rear View FIT SNUG AT SMALL & BACK

Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

## FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc.—and mail TODAY!

2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust the belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined ... how comfortably you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to. If it doesn't flatten, slim, "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can take it back! See offer in coupon!



## SEND NO MONEY: MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 2701-E  
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postage \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is \_\_\_\_\_  
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and Zone \_\_\_\_\_

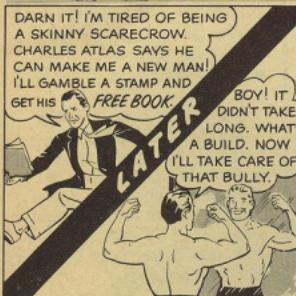
State \_\_\_\_\_

Save 45c postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Some Free Trial and refund privilege.

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 2701-E, 487 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

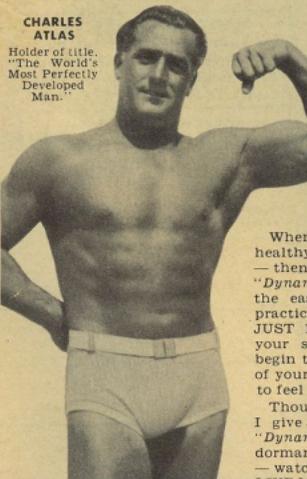
# Hey SKINNY!

...YER RIBS  
ARE SHOWING!



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

CHARLES  
ATLAS  
Holder of title,  
"The World's  
Most Perfectly  
Developed  
Man."



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body - building system, "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

**FREE** My 48 Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for \$1.00 or 10c — But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*, 48 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 376N, 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept 376N**  
115 East 23 St., New York 10, N. Y.

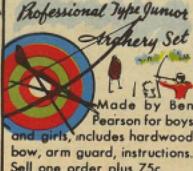
Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 48 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name ..... Age .....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

# PRIZES FOR EVERYONE



Camera, complete with carrying case. Sell only one order.

Professional Type Junior Archery Set  
Made by Ben Pearson for boys and girls, includes hardwood bow, arm guard, instructions. Sell one order plus 75¢.

Glowing simulated pearls, 3-strand necklace with matching earrings. Sell one order of Seeds.



## Get Yours Now!

Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get these swell prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes shown here and lots of others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling one 45-Pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10¢ per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in our Big Prize Book.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once, or if you prefer, take your one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY, send coupon today for Big Prize Book and seeds.

Send no money—we trust you  
**AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.**  
DEPT. 538, LANCASTER, PA.

**MANY MORE PRIZES**  
See them in the Big Prize Book  
Pocket Watch, Baseball Gloves, Ukulele, Table Tennis, Movie Projector, Flash Camera, Triton Pen, Girl's Purse, Skates.

No goods sent outside U.S.A.

**AMERICAN SEED COMPANY, INC.**  
DEPT. 538, LANCASTER, PA.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 45 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10¢ each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_